



# Captain Delany's Garland, containing 5 new Songs.

## I. Captain Delany's Garland.

Captain DELANY's Garland.

Between Cashall and Carlish,  
as I was a walking along the high way,  
I laid her down softly in a fine dewy morning,  
O are you distracted young man she did say,

That very day seennight I met that fair maiden,  
as I was a walking along that high way, (ly,  
she drew very nigh me and shook hands most kind-  
with kisses most sweetly she wept and did say,

Here is a letter from my father and blessing from  
and all for the love I bear unto thee, (my mother,  
you shall have your bargain a thousand pound sterl-  
love I'll be your darling your joy to renew. (ing,

I like well your saying my young pretty maiden,  
and indeed I could ever live with you,  
but I am contracted these five quarters passed,  
to John Bailie's daughter in the county of Meo,

O do not prove cruel my own dearest jewel,  
for who shall I father this sweet Baby O  
My name is Delany no blushes shall shame me,  
you will find me in Starbelow in the county of Meo.

O flattering Delany will no blushes shame you,  
since by thy deceitfulness I am undone,  
No maids will come nigh me but as they pass by me,  
they will look on me slyly and my company shun

young maidens take warning by this my downfalling  
and let young men's false flattering tongues,  
its ever come nigh you so as to destroy you, (done  
for then they will deny you when this they have

Now farewell false lover my life it doth hover,  
for my deadly wounds there is no cure I can find,  
while others are courting and young ones are sport-  
be you still resorting to this valley of mine. (ing

It was in sweet July when flowers were a blooming  
this young man and I together did meet,  
Then with his entreating set my heart a-king,  
and with his lies-making causeth me now to weep.

O death come and ease me since grief it doth seize me  
the wounds that I bear no mortal can cure,  
my spirits are dying my breath it is flying,  
my heart is a breaking, O the pain I endure!

O young man most cruel you have wrought my run  
in cropping my flowers young, tender, and green,  
delays will discover I am a wounded lover,  
since you have discovered what now you have seen.

ROBIN HOOD and the proud PEDLAR.

There was a proud pedlar, a fine pedlar,  
a proud pedlar he seem'd to be;

And he's ta'en his pack upon his back,  
and went linking over the lee.

Where he met two troublesome men,  
troublesome men they seem'd to be;  
the one of them was Robin Hood,  
the other little John so free

O what is that into thy pack,  
thou pedlar proud now tell to me?  
there's seven suits of good green silk,  
and bow strings either two or three,

If there's seven suits of good green silk,  
and silken bowstrings two or three,  
then be my sooth, says little John,  
there's some of them must fall to me.

Then he's ta'en his pack off his back,  
and laid it low down by his knee,  
where's the man fit to drive me frae't,  
then pack and all to him I'll give.

Then little John pull'd out his sword,  
the padler he pull'd out his brand,  
they swapped swords till they did sweat,  
O padler fine now hold thy hand,

O fy, O fy, said Robin Hood,  
O fy, O fy that must not be,  
for I've seen a man in greater strait,  
than to pay him and pedlars three.

Then try him, try him, master, he said,  
O try him now master said he,  
for by me sooth said little John,  
master, 'tis neither you nor me.

Bold Robin pull'd out his sword,  
the pedlar he pull'd out his brand,  
they swapped swords till they did sweat,  
O padler fine now hold thy hand.

O what's thy name? says Robin Hood,  
now pedlar fine come tell to me?  
No be my sooth, that will I not,  
till I know what your names may be.

The one of us call'd Robin Hood,  
the other little John so free,  
and now it lies into thy breast,  
whether thou'll tell thy name to me.

I'm Gamwell gay, of good green wood,  
my fame is far beyond the sea,  
for killing a man in my father's land,  
my native land I was forc'd to flee.

If thou be Gamwell of the green wood,  
thy fame is far beyond the sea;  
and be my sooth said little John,  
my sister's son thou needs must be.

But what was that was on thy back?  
O cousin Gamwell tell unto me.  
It is seven farks and three gravats,  
is all the kilt that I carry.

They smooth'd their words, and sheath'd  
their swords,  
and kiss'd and clapt most tenderly,  
To a tavern then they went to dine,  
and drank about most heartily.

## II. Robin Hood and the Proud Pedlar. Liverpool Sailor.

ROGER the MILLER.

Young Roger the miller he has courted of late,  
a farmer's young daughter call'd beautiful Kate,  
whose wealthy portion was full fifty pounds,  
besides store of riches with forbela gowns.

Silk ribbons, fine laces, with diamonds and rings,  
With sumptuous apparel and twenty fine things,  
this amorous beauty, and money likewise,  
has tickled his fancy and dazled his eyes.

That he was obliged to tell her his mind,  
desiring that she would prove loving and kind,  
for no other woman should e'er be his wife,  
for she was the jewel and joy of his life.

He often repeated fine stories of love, (prove,  
how constant he'd be, and how faithful he'd  
until this loving creature began to relent,  
and with her friend's liking she gave her consent,  
All things being agreed that the wedding should be  
with Roger her lover and soon they agreed,  
the day was appointed, the money was told,  
which was a bright portion of silver and gold.

But Roger he then to her father said,  
O I will not wed this beautiful maid,  
altho' she be beautiful, charming, and fair,  
without an addition of Tib the gray mare.

Her father made answer unto him with speed,  
I thought you would have married my daughter  
and not the gray mare, but since it is thus, (indeed,  
my money once more I will put in my purse,

And since that I am her father I solemnly swear  
I'll keep both my money and Tib the gray mare,  
the money soon vanished out of his sight,  
and so did young Katie his joy and delight,

and he like a blockhead was turned out of doors,  
forbidding him ever to come any more,  
young Roger began his locks for to tear,  
and with he had never stood for the gray mare.

But five days thereafter or little above,  
he happened to meet with young Katie his love,  
saying, O lovely creature, do you not know me,  
if I am not mistaken I have seen you said she.

or one in your likeness with long yellow hair,  
who once came a courting my father's gray mare,  
no it was unto you a courting came,  
as sure as your beautiful Katie by name.

O now says he you need not deny,  
for the truth of the matter was very well try'd,  
for unto my father you solemnly swear, (mare,  
you would not wed his daughter without the gray

I must needs acknowledge I would have had both,  
that some time for pleasure we might have rode  
not thinking that he would make any dispute (forth  
by giving his daughter the gray mare to boot.

Before he had lost such a dutiful son,  
but now I am sorry for what I have done,  
be sorry says Katy I value you not, (get,  
there is young men enough in this world for to  
but surely this man must beat his last prayers,  
who would marry a wife for the sake of a mare,

the price thereof it was not very great,  
so fare you well Roger go mourn for your Kate.

## The Liverpool SAILOR.

COME all you young lovers,  
wherever you be.  
Come draw near and listen  
a while unto me.

Its of a young couple  
in Liverpool did dwell,  
Sweet William and young Nancy;  
who lov'd each other well.

Sweet William being a Sailor,  
was bound unto the main,  
And left his dearest Nancy  
in sorrow to complain.

To cross the raging ocean  
where billows loud do roar.  
Lamenting for his Nancy,  
whom he did so long adore.

A gold ring he gave her  
likewise a loving kiss,  
Says now my dearest Nancy,  
pray take it not amiss.

Says he we will be married,  
when I return from sea,  
And we will live together  
in peace and unity.

And when this couple parted,  
from Liverpool failed he,  
The wind it being fair  
and the horizon was clear,

With a sweet and pleasant gale,  
for Lisbon they did steer,  
But still young William's mind  
ran on his Nancy dear.

Now when they came to Lisbon  
the wind did prove unkind,  
And they were drove on shore  
by a contrary wind.

But all their hands were saved,  
what a happy chance was this!  
Sweet William for his Nancy,  
did meet with much distress.

But when his love she heard,  
that he was drove on shore,

## III. Roger the Miller.

## IV. The

She cries, alas! for ever  
I ne'er shall see him more,  
Alas! I shall distracted run,  
heav'n send him safe on shore,  
That I may see my jewel,  
whom I so much adore:

A ship then as we hear,  
for England it was bound;  
He hired with the Captain,  
to sail the next fair wind,

Kind heaven now protect me,  
and send me safe on shore,  
That I may see my Nancy  
whom I have long ador'd.

But when he came to Liverpool,  
a pleasant sight to see,  
Where he beheld his Nancy,  
as he came off from sea.

The next day they were married,  
with all their friends consent;  
Sweet William for young Nancy,  
thro' all these dangers went.

The music it did play,  
for to pass the time away,  
Sweet William and young Nancy,  
their joyful wedding day:

And now they live in pleasure,  
enjoying riches store;  
He'll cross no more the ocean,  
where foaming billows roar.

Love and Friendship.

Mortals wisely learn to measure,  
life by the extent of joy;  
Life is short, and pleasure,  
Then be gay while you may,  
and your hours in mirth employ.

Never let a mistress pain you,  
tho' she meets you with a frown;  
fly to wine till soon unchain you,  
cheer the heart and all smart,  
in a sweet oblivion drown.

Friendship, wine, and love united  
From all ills defend the mind:  
by them guarded and delighted,  
happy state, smile at fate,  
and leave sorrow to the wind.

July 1775.